

A Warrior Princess' Imagination

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Summary: IvyxHilde one-shot: or how Hilde may or may not be a pervert and how her imagination plays games with her and how badly in love she is with Ivy. Simple premise, simple story. For the laughs and girl love. Read'n Enjoy!

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"Wolfling! Oh my, so good to see you again! Always a pleasure~ Are you ready for another _punishment~?"_ Isabella "Ivy" Valentine licked her violet-painted lips at the last word. Her high-heeled thigh-high boots clanked rhythmically against the wood and iron surface of the platform they stood on. "Third time's the charm, isn't it~?" Ivy finished by cracking her sword in whip form in her hands before swiping it to the side, making it shift to its straight sword form.

"Waaaah! Your Highness, protect us!" Hildegard Von Krone felt her eye twitch and she grit her teeth while clenching her free hand into a tight, armored fist.

"Finest warrior women of the Wolfkrone Royal Guard, they said! They'll never back down from a threat to me, they said! For Algol's sake, I ought to-!" Hilde quit talking to herself, letting out an extremely frustrated sigh. Her bodyguards were capable and could hold their ground in a battle against lowly bandits or wild animalsâ€|but this woman, this dominatrix of an English noblewoman wearing an outfit that even actual streetwalkers would call "shameful"â€|

"Oh dear, looks like the very sound of my heel approaching turns the Wolfling's pack into just a whimpering pair of pups~!"

Now, Hilde was just about to see red, redder than her own fiery locks.

"Why, youâ€|! Youâ€|! Damn it all! You have bothered me-I mean, us, one time too many, Lady Valentine! You have humbled me, bested me in battle twice nowâ€|but this time, I'm not going to hold back anything! Prepare yourself, Lady Valentine! On this day, we cross blades for the last time!" Hilde slid her helm over her face and in one fluid, dramatic motion, she tapped the end of her spear into the wood-and-iron platform while drawing her short sword from its sheath on her hip, pointing the tip straight at Ivy.

The platinum-haired Brit grinned and readied her stance.

"Let's see if your bite is as strong as your howl, Little Wolfling~!"

Then, Hilde charged at Ivyâ€|or at least, that was the intention were it not for the sudden gust of wind that carried with it a rain of red rose petals.

"W-What the-?!" Hilde uttered and she made to take a step, but suddenly, she almost felt her heart stop upon looking at Ivy againâ€|and this time, the Brit stood, in all her buxom, mature and beautiful eleganceâ€|and the strings-for-a-bra that held her massive breasts in place was gone.

The redhead blushed like never before. Blood rushed to her pale cheeksâ€|and her nose.

Those huge British noble breasts swayed and bounced with the wind and rose petal rain, as well as Ivy's own breathing. Hilde's mouth was getting dry and the princess felt her blood run hotâ€|because she just wouldn't be granted so much as a glimpse of the nipples, the peaks that capped her voluptuous opponent's earthly delights.

The rose petals seemed to have it against Hilde, for the damn things covered, _censored even!_ Ivy's nipples at seemingly every movement of Hilde's eyes on Ivy's chest.

It didn't matter where Hilde's gaze traveled on Lady Valentine's massive chest, a rose petal was there to spite her.

"Uhhhâ€|Wolfling? Princess? What is this? Are we going to cross blades or not?" Ivy's impatient interrogative snapped Hildegard out of her impromptu erotic fantasy.

Blue eyes full of legitimate confusion stared at the full-armored woman across Ivy, her head tilted, eyes slightly narrowed and trying to look Hilde in the eye through the gaps in her helm.

"A-AH! Yes! Y-Yes, of course, yes we are! I swear on my sword and honor, I shall be victorious!" Hilde got her composure back again and declared loudly and in as grandiose a fashion as she could, lifting her spear and then, crossing it with her short sword.

Ivy rolled her eyes yet grinned again and stood at the ready, waiting for Hilde to put her fiery courage and resolve to actions instead of

words.

Then, Hilde moved again and readied her spear for a lunge attack to cross the distance—but then, there was that _goddamn_ gust of wind and passion-red rose petal rain again!

This time, Ivy's incredible breasts remained completely bare except for _those goddamn rose petals!_ Oh yes, also, the Brit's lower part of her purple strings-and-cloth streetwalker's shame outfit? Yes. Ivy's purple thong was gone, too.

Isabella "Ivy" Valentine was standing topless and bottomless before Hilde, whose vision had pink on the edges and the rose petals were the bane of the Wolfkrone Princess' existence _because they blocked her view of Ivy's nipples AND her pus-womanhood!_

"Hildegard, sweetie, what game are you playing?" Ivy's unamused and bored voice finally did Hilde in. The poor redhead simply couldn't take it anymore.

Metallic clangs echoed as Hilde's short sword and spear dropped unceremoniously to the floor and the princess' entire armor let off all sorts of sounds as the redhead ripped off her helmet along her furious march up to Ivy.

The platinum-blonde looked at Hilde with utter and complete confusion and surprise as Hilde got all up in her face; furious, blazing eyes gazing into her surprised and shocked ones. Ivy's gauntlet hand was seized by Hilde's while the princess wrapped her free arm around the Englishwoman's slim waist, thus, pulling the taller woman flush up against her armor-clad body.

Ivy couldn't fight off goosebumps from the sudden shift in temperature, her nigh-naked body pulled flush against cold, smooth armor.

Then, Lady Valentine noticed the string of blood oozing from Hildegard's left nostril.

"Wolfling-?"

"Shut up and take responsibility for being so magnificent and stealing my heart with your streetwalker looks and temptress smile and voice, damn you Lady Valentine! C'mere!"

Then, Hildegard Von Krone kissed Isabella "Ivy" Valentine. The redhead kissed the platinum-blonde like her life depended on it. She kissed her like her sanity and heart depended on it. Hilde kissed Ivy like she would never kiss anyone else for the rest of her life.

A full minute of passionate and hot kissing later saw Ivy with the most hilariously surprised and aroused expression ever, while Hilde looked no longer like a raging warrior, but just like a maiden that just gave her First Kiss to the love of her life. In a way, Hilde was now like a sweet fairy tale princess about to ask her prince charming to the ball before midnight.

"Lady Valentine—I love you—_please._" _

Ivy finally recovered from her initial shock and gently cradled

Hilde's face with her bare hand, gently caressing her cheek with her purple-gloved hand, grazing the beauty mark under her bottom lip with the pad of her thumb.

"How could I say no to this? I love you too, Hildegard~" And with that, Ivy gave her new lover a sweet, gentle, heartwarming kiss. The two women smiled and moaned with bliss into this caress of lips.

Meanwhile, looking on at their princess smooching with the woman that had been terrorizing them, Hilde's two "elite" guards remained in their protective embrace, gazing at the females-only kissing just a few yards before them.

"U-Uhâ€¦ummmâ€¦Hannahâ€¦I, um, I feel kind ofâ€¦funnyâ€¦" One whispered to the other; a bob cut of orange hair and curious, big topaz eyes. The fellow soldier she held in her arms gulped; short honey-blond locks and beautiful, shy amethyst eyes.

"Y-Yeahâ€¦so do I, Lynnâ€¦I guess this is what they callâ€¦what was it in Eastâ€¦? Ah, yuri?"

"â€¦" The two young women looked at each other, then back at their princess and former? Enemy. Then, they blushed hotly and their faces closed the distance to touch lips and share a kiss of their own, relishing in each other's sweet lips just like Hildegard Von Krone and Isabella "Ivy" Valentine.

One thing was for sure: there would be _no goddamn red roses _at Hilde and Ivy's wedding!

FIN

**Soâ€¦what is this? I have no idea. LOL If it helps, this idea came to me during a chat with my good friend, Glexen, who just gave some funny commentary while I did a small bit of improvisation on chat. XD Like, it was only inner monologue from Hilde on a picture that I found on Danbooru, of Ivy with a rapier and bullfighter's cape, one version with her usual SC4 outfit on and one without the bra and thong, the "juicy" bits covered only in red rose petals. XD**

**Soâ€¦yeah. Thank you, Glexen, for helping me get this silly idea in my own head. :3**

**Also! One more thing: HildexIvy needs more love and if you wanna read more, I highly recommend reading "Of Snake Swords and Spears", a previous HildexIvy story I wrote years ago, back when I was just getting started on the "Soul Calibur" fandom. :3**

**Oh! OH! One last, last thing: Hannah and Lynn? Those are references to Hanayo Koizumi and Rin Hoshizora from "Love Live! School Idol Project", but with the spin of the "What if 4Kids Gotâ€¦" meme, where the cast of "Love Live!" got the "horrible 4Kids translation/dubbing" treatment. Look it up. You'll get the joke then. LOL**

**So! All that saidâ€¦this was fun to write. That's all. It was for the lulz and the love. :D**

**Semper-Fi! Carry on!**

End
file.